IF YOU LIKE GOOD BREAD CIVE IT A TRIAL.

WORK & CO.

Electric Light Flour is made by

only, but SOLD BY ALL GROCERS,

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

Well-Known Writers.

The world to the ancient and medi

eval inhabitants appeared a far differ-

informed man of today, says the Fan-

As to the shape of the earth the an-cients differed. Of course in extreme

antiquity every one who thought about

the matter at all believed the world to

he thought the ocean was a mighty

course, in his time, the earth was sup-

posed to be the center of the universe

and the sun, the moon and the stars

ful rows among themselves, and did

what seems today like some very silly

thought the world was spherical, al-

though several ancient philosophers

who succeeded him did not agree with

But very little was known in regard

very little more was known about it

1800 years later, in the time of Colum

bus. In 2,000 years the world had in reality retrograded rather than ad-

pan, and for a long time regarded

Cuba as a part of the mainland of

Mediæval Europe knew but very

little of eastern and northeastern Asia.

Many of the most learned cosmograph-

and imprudent things.

be flat. Homer evidently regarded it

the Queer Teachings of Old and

Bor Try our " DAISY" Brand of Flour.

WHOLE No. 1260.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Vol. 25, No. 13.

When your Cash Purchases aggregate \$40, you will be presented with your choice of our beautiful

Pastel Pictures Free

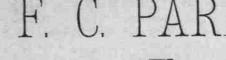
WHY WE DO IT.

We are giving away beautiful Pastel Pictures for two reasons: FIRST-We wish to express to our old customers our appreciation of their patronage.

SECOND-We hope to induce a large number of new customers to trade with us at least long enough to test the quality of our goods, our prices, our reliability, and our way of doing business.

We believe in enterprise and advertising, and that every one in large and his customers as numerous as possible. Please bear in mind that we make no advance in the price of our goods on account of this offer. We vill continue to be headquarters for good goods and low prices, and expect by increasing our trade to be able to sell on a closer margin and to offer better bargains than ever before.

Risdon & Taylor.





Has just received new and elegant designs in Silver Ware, the richest and most artistic ever shown in Ravenna. We can be of service to partiese contemplating purchases, whether for gift tokens or personal outfit, in this line. You will need to learn our prices before purchasing, as we court comparison with any house in this section, in this most essential consideration in inventory of outlay.

Also, the most complete line of Time Keepers in this section, put up in cases of the latest pattern, in Gold, Silver, and Plated material. If you are an admirer of the beautiful, combined with correct mechanism, you will be well repaid in examining our superb stock-"correct" in price, as well as intrinsic value, New stock of Umbrellas, in Gold, Silver. and Natural Wood

Handles. Our usual fine display of Diamonds, Jewelry, Solid and Silver Plated Table Ware, and unique Gift Novelties.

We are always glad to see our friends, whether as purchasers

or admiring callers in inspection of our goods.

GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store

AN1 SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

FURNITURE, CROCKERY



NOVELTIES and FANCY PIECES!

PLATED WARE &C.

To be found in one house in the State.

Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies, FROM 8250 UP.

In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass.

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT

IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A JENKINS & CO., No. S, Phenix Block.

The FORCE Behind Us

Is QUALITY

It's Quality

THAT SHOWS WHAT A STORE IS.

It's Quality

THAT HAS MADE OURS THE LEADING

HOUSE OF ITS KIND IN PORTAGE COUNTY. The slight appearance of snow and short, drizzling rains prompt

us to call your attention to our line of RUBBER GOODS.

We sell the famous Candee, Woonsocket, and Boston Rubber Boots, and have them for Infants, Children, Misses, Ladies, Youths, Boys and Men. All sizes and styles of Arctics and warm goods for

WE SELECT WITH GREAT CARE.

Yours for trade, SMITH & DAVIS,

PHENIX BLOCK, RAVENNA. FOOTWEAR ARTISTS.

MANUAL DIVINIZATO 4 MANUAL

We also carry a full line of

You know how we are on prices.

G. W.GOCKEL

November 9, 1892.

There seems to be no end to the many pretty things business ought to use all honorable means to make his trade as in the Dry Goods business this season. Each day we buy something prettier and cheaper than ever before,

The American manufacturers seem to be making such wonderful progress in every direction-improvements in We respectfully solicit your patronage and will take pleasure in presenting you with the pictures to which your purchases will entitle a constant matter of surprise to every one engaged in the trade. The Trade Journals publish leading editorials in commendation of the successful efforts in the different lines of American Textile fabries-in Silks, Wool Dress Fabrics, Fine Cotton Dress Stuffs-in fact, every thing. of almost 40 years in the Dry Goods trade, have been where the red robin nests, and the white clover flowers.

-Good Housekeeping. We never, in all our long experience, covering a period desirable an assortment in all kinds of goods, adapted to the needs of all classes of customers, and at such uniformly low prices, as at the present time

This Week We Have Special Inducements

To Buyers of Medium and Fine All Wool Dress Goods in Blacks-some new cloths, notably a beautiful cloth from the Priestley folks (a new weave and finish, Satin Soliel). Also, extreme values in 50c., 65c. and 75c. Wool Serge and Henrietta Cloths,

In Fancy Colored Dress Fabrics our assortment is all. tremendous. You cannot fail to find something in our Beatrice, how is the weather now?" own. THE JEWELER Dress Goods Department to please you. Every lady customer tells us we have more pretty Trimming Silks, Velvets, Gimps, Braids, than they can find not only in Ravenna, but in larger places.

> We will receive this week some new things again in different kinds of Trimmings. Also, new lines of Large and Small Pearl and Horn Buttons. And the pretty Furs we have in Muffs, Boas, Storm Collars, Children's Fancy Sets, Fur Trimmings-many quite new styles-is simply immense. The prices are low, too, compared with former seasons. This is going to be one of the greatest Fur seasons we have had for years. (We have already sold more Furs of all kinds, this early, than we sold all of last season.) If we haven't what you want in Fancy Furs, we will order it for you from Newland & Co., of Detroit (one of the largest and best manufac- lights are burning." turers in the country), on approval.

Beautiful styles of Zephyr Fascinators in Black, father. Don't you remember we never Cream, Chinchilla, Light Blue, &c.

Infants' Hoods and Infants' Cashmere Cloaks in Tan and Cream Colors.

Full line of colors of 1 yard wide Eiderdown Cloths asks quickly. at 75c, per yard (former price \$1.00) for Infants' Cloaks. We have the new Angora Fur Trimming, so much used in trimming little Cloaks, to match, in Cream, Tan, Gray Steel Blue, &c. These Eiderdown Cloths are also lovely goods for little Blankets, Afghans, &c., &c. We are in her ears. She goes to the door and peers out into the night. All is darkselling large quantities of them for the little people.

New Foster Kid Gloves,

New Jersey Gloves-imitation of Chamois-warm | Oh, surely the lights are still burning and nice, at 50c. per pair.

New Black and Fancy Colors in Face Veilings.

New lines of Infants' Hosiery, and little Jersey Un- was expected. She climbed up onto the dershirts in extra fine qualities.

ing we are chock full of pretty new things, and good the distance. Without further thought But why go on and tell you more? Suffice by saythings, too, in every department.

Come and see for yourselves, and you will find the bridge. 'Tis raining heavily now and goods you want, and find them at prices that will please to stand. She creeps cautiously up

We cannot close without once again telling you that if you want a new Cloak, you will make a mistake if you do not come in and look through our stock. We the gaze of the great, dark eyes of the are doing a tremendous business in our Cloak Depart- er. Oh, why hadn't she gone to this trouble when her father asked her to ment. We can do you good,

D. M. CLEWELL.

Parties desiring Photographs for the Holidays are advised that he time to have their sittings made is NOW. Every year we are compelled to deny sittings to many who neglect the matter until ters the house. too late. As an inducement for early sittings we will make

CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS \$3. PER DOZ.

A SPECIALTY. Until Dec. 1. Cash at time of sitting.

Remember, also, that we have the largest and finest line of things, Engravings, Pastels, Water Colors, Frames, Mouldings, engravings, Easels, Artists' materials, etc. in the County and control of the county and control of the colors, and the colors, gazing at the colors, ing her to waik with him in the morns ing while he drank the waters she ing while he drank the waters she low, boggy, sandy, and the town was sent back the answer: "Certainly not."

I get up early for no King in Europe."

I get up early for no King in Europe."

I get up early for no King in Europe."

Later when, a short time before his side. Etchings, Engravings, Pastels, Water Colors, Frames, Mouldings, side. Fire Screens, Easels, Artists' materials, etc., in the County, and are selling everything at reduced rates. You Can't Afford to Miss Us.

No. 4 Opera Block

An Orchard Idyl.

The warm sun shines down on banks of white clover; The honeybee, laden, flits by on the wing; And Jenny comes down where the peach trees Dend over, And robin, gay regue, is beginning to sing. Blue, so blue, are the skies where the soft clouds are swimming.
And blue, yes, as blue, are the maiden's

The robin trills louder his rapturous singing;
The pink blossoms drift on the breeze that
floats by;
But Jenny's heart throbs, and her thoughts
are a-winging.
As she spreads the white clothes on the cloyer to dry;
There is an empty next in the same tree hid-There is an empty nest in the apple tree hid-

There's a blackberry vine that is dead in the

It will rain, for the clouds by the breezes are

And the linen half dry, and the washing half Still drifted the peach blossoms down to the til her foot is upon the bridge. grass; For how could they know of a faithless young

fears.
Ah! Jenny, the robin, his carol still singing.
Is watching the scene, with bird-wisdon And he notes, I am sure, that the wind is a-bringing No bint of a shower, in the blue of the skies. of broken timber. So the peach petals drift, as the bee, busy

BEATRICE'S MISTAKE.

It is night, and the great, threatening clouds that have been rising during the day now hung heavily over the little village of Clifton. The wind has gone down with the sun and the air is warm and heavy, not a sound save the drowsy notes of a single bird mars the awful stillness

in August, and the people of the little riverside village of Clifton had aban-doned work of all kinds. The sun had shone brightly during the fore part of the day, but the heavy clouds from the west was soon hid from view. The

"We will have rain, I fear. Tell me, bed while his daughter answers.

sure the bridge is sound? You are sure, Beatrice?" he asks, impatiently. "Yes, father," is the brief reply. "It is growing very dark, my child. When were you at the bridge last?"
"About 4 o'clock, three hours ago. looked closely and everything seemed safe," is the gir'ls answer, and the

old man lapses into silence. "You know, Beatrice, they run a ecial' to-night. It will reach the dge by 11." he continued, turning quickly to his daughter, who sits at

ous, father?" And the girl rises to light the lamp, for the room is in-tensely dark. The old man makes no answer. Why can he not trust his daughter to-night? She has attended his work at the bridge for three eks now and has worked faithfully, et to-night seems full of danger. The at stillness does not mean peace. Beatrice, my dear, go to the door and look toward the bridge. See if the

The young girl turns and answers "We can't see the bridge from here could since Robins built that house between here and the river?"

"I thought we could," murmurs the old man, and again all is stillness. Suddenly the girl turns from her "Who runs the special, father?" she

No answer "Father, who runs throught at 11?" "Oh-oh-yes-John Tracy," is the .200 a minute.

answer and the girl turns to her work. Her face had flushed, but is now as pale as death. A strange light shines in the great, dark eyes. John Tracy ness and a few drops of rain are be-ginning to fall. She steps out and looks toward the river. Now she fan-cies she sees a light in the distance. no wind to blow them out. But perhaps she had better take better notice. She cannot see the bridge, because of Robins' barn, but she remembers what she did one time when Tracy's train roof of their own little hut, from where a good view of the river and bridge could be had, and she saw the two A distant clock tolls the hour of 19. In to the very top of the roof and then, clinging to the chimney, draws herself up to her full height. Now she can ok over Robins' house and have a full view of the bridge. All is darkness. Not a light of any kind meets girl. Her heart beats faster and fastlook toward the bridge. She had thought of the housetop then—but—she had not thought of John Tracy.

Hadn't her father told her that morning that Fillmore would run through at 11? And hearing Gerald Fillmore's name affected her so little. It only awakened a great hatred for im in her heart, and when her father asked her to look toward the bridge she seemed to care so little whether the lights were burning or not. Not a thought of the many lives besides the engineer's entered her mind. Every minute she lingers here, peer ing into the darkness, brings the spec-

ial nearer to the bridge, and turning away she creeps quietly down and en-

"Where have you been, Beatrice? I hear the rain. What is the time, ld?" asks the old man, turning his gaze upon his daughter.

"Where, my child? Where such a night and at this time?" he asks, but

she is gone.

The wind has risen and is blowing travel a mile in one minute ten seconds, met with everywhere.

the rain against the windows of the little hut and the old man listens and worries, while his daughter—his only child-runs wildly on toward the river, which is a good three miles distant. She does not mind the rain, which beats against her pale, cold, face,

nor the wind that has lifted the shawl But on and on she runs, stumbling while there's no hint of rain in the azurehued skies. looking neither right nor left-only straight ahead toward the river. Two names were wandering through

er mind-Gerald Fillmore and John Tracy; and with the latter foremost in her thoughts, she runs bravely on. At last the sound of water falls pleasantly upon her ears—she has reached her destination. To her right is the bridge. Not a

light guides her on. She cannot see So even the rafters which always appear black and stately. Now she has reached the track and follows it on un-The river runs noisily on below, the

or how could they are.

And how could they read the sweet heart or a lass?

Still on moves the day. The sun, mounting high.

Reveals a new nest in the old apple tree.
And the rays reach the vine that seemed dead, and they say
A promise of hope, that the summer will see.

And Jenny, slow tripping where blossoms never stopping until she has tripped over an object lying between the tracks. She puts out her hand and grasps one of the broken lanterns.

The short lightning illumines as of comparatively small extent, and stream which flowed around it. Of

he whole scene. were supposed to be large balls of fire, a few miles up in the air, attached in A young girl in the middle of the tracks and only five feet from deathfor before her the bridge is one mass

The train will soon be upon her. What can she do? No lights to tell of the danger that awaits them, not even the two bright lanterns to tell where the bridge begins.

In a minute she has torn the wick from the lantern and is running wild-ly on toward the fast approaching train. The wondrous dark eyes glarng fiercely into the darkness sees othing but the face of the man she

At last she has reached the spot where the train slackens speed. It will soon be upon her. Can she warn Match after match is blown out by

the wind, at last the wick is lighted f the night.

It had been one of the warmest days

and springing to one side she hurls it at the cab of the engine. A few minutes elapse; then, with one mighty sigh of escaping air, as the brakes are applied, the "special" comes

to a dead stop within forty yards of the ruined bridge. wind had blown gently from the south, and now that having gone down all is silence. A great calm has settled over the street o

> up into the face of the engineer, recognizes-Gerald Fillmore. 'Tis many weeks before she again recognizes him, and when she does it is to learn that she no longer hates the engineer whose life she saved by mistakes, but is ready o love and look up to him with a wife's devotion.

A Perfect Figure.

The height of a person with a per-fect "figure" should be exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle finger of either hand when the arms are fully extended. Ten times the length of the hand, or seven and a half times the length of the foot, or five times the diameter of the chest from one armpit to the other, should also give the height of the The distance from the whole body. be exactly the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the breast. From the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits, and from the heel to the toe .- N. Y.

Working the Gatling Gun.

The Gatling gun is now worked by an electric motor in the American navy. The motor is attached to the breech of the gun. Hitherto a couple of men were required to serve the gun — one to train the piece and drop the its wealth of precious stones and shot, the other to work the firing crank -but now one man is sufficient. By outhing the switch he can train and operate the gun at will, so as to fire either a single shot or at the rate of

Charles Sumner and the Howes.

One of our most frequent visitors at Green Peace was the great statesman and patriot, Charles Sumner. He was a very dear friend of our father's, and they loved to be together whenever as well as Asia. Until a few years the strenuous business of their lives after the great discovery of Columbus

"the Harmless Giant;" and indeed he previously been thought in regard to was very kind to us and had always a Asia, that the African continent exthat he stood six feet in his stockings cients. They knew that the farther made on Laura's mind, she was used grew, and that in the extreme north to employ the great senator as an im- was a region of perpetual ice and snow. mother, Madam Sumner, came with tant countries were, to their superstimother, Laura felt it incumbent upon is today, perhaps, a survival. The unher to entertain the distinguished vis- known oceans were filled with whirlitor; so, being arrayed in her best the gravel path below the window, and filling a little basket with gravel, proclaiming "Mit Humner! hee my eckti-bition!" This meant "cold to the ceeded to pour it over her head, ex-Laura could not pronounce the letter S in childhood's happy hour. "Mama, she would say, if she saw our mother look grave, "Id you had?" Why id you had?" and then she would bring a doll's dish, or it might be a saucepan, and give it to her mother and say, with infinite satisfaction, "Dere! mooge you'helf wid dat!"-Laura E. Richards,

Beatrice stands quietly in the cen- then King sent her a message request- as giving one, in the language of the Beatrice stands quietly in the center of the room, gazing at the clock. Ing her to walk with him in the morn-cowboys, a "dead cinch" on immortal-shoulder, only to see them calm and "I am going out, father. It doesn't death, he sent in word to her to visit rain very hard," she says in a strange, him in his box, apologizing for being low voice. The old man looks up at unable to go to her behind the scenes, dead as the 23 heroes who sleep beher. She bends over and presses a she said with tears in her eyes: "O, heath the sand and cactiof "Boot Hill." now, sir, I would run anywhere to see

An ice yacht has been known to land, says that mosquitoes are to be

ABSOLUTELY PURE

George Stephenson. George Stephenson, "Old George," as he was called to distinguish him ent thing than it seems to the well-

some mysterious manner to the walls of the sky, which walls revolved around the earth, taking the stars with The universe was a very small affair, which the gods, who dwelt upon the Olympus—by no means a very lofty mountain—ruled over as they thought best. The gods themselves were not very exalted beings, and had disgrace-

to his mercy, but there was nothing else to do, and he soon put it in thorhad very strong arms and large, sup-ple hands, with which, as I soon found, A few hundred years later, in the time of Aristotle, a more correct but a very far from perfect idea of the world had been obtained. Aristotle

"He told me on returning my watch that such fine work had always been a hobby of his. He ridiculed the disengineering, saying that an engineer should know how to build a bridge, dito the world in Aristotle's day, in the vert a river, make a needle or a Nas fourth century before Christ, and but

The danger is soon known and the passengers run wildly about to find and thank their preserver. They find her at last, and the engineer, bending over her seemingly lifeless form, clasps two badly burned hands within his own.

After many minutes the eyes are

The danger is soon known and the passengers run wildly about to find and thank their preserver. They find was that the world was flat, though many cotemporary scholars thought differently. The great civilizations of the world at that time were grouped around the Mediterranean sea, although England was a considerable power, and the Scandingly cold and ongest and thickest, but none are

The price paid for this fur is ridiculously small. A large mantle measuring about 120 inches is sold for \$3.50. About eight skins are needed to make such a mantle. The skins must not ers of the time taught that Asia only be assorted and matched in color stretched eastward indefinitely, and no one imagined that it had an eastern as well, certainly a curious industry coast washed by the ocean. It was that deals with profits which seem to seriously taught that eastern Asia was us abnormally small. It would cera land of vast swamps, inhabited by tainly be a novelty in America to see monster serpents and dragons. This a parlor rug of dogskins—for instance, was the opinion that still prevailed up a centerpiece of "big yaller stray dog," unction of thighs to the ground should to within 200 years of the time of Co- surrounded by patterns shading off in gray, black-and-tan and spitz, the whole finished with a variegated bor-

by the name of Polo went on a vast der of assorted puppies. parts of Asia. They were gone many years. Upon their return the son of one of them, a young man named Marco Polo, wrote out a full account of their travels, described the empire of the grand khan-the Chinese emperor-and revealed the fact that Asia was bounded on the east by a vast ocean. He described this eastern coast

At this time two Venetian merchants

lumbus.

It was from reading this book that the i. agination of Columbus was fired, and he conceived the bold conception of reaching this eastern coast of Asia by sailing toward the west around the

So when he discovered Cuba he had not a doubt but he had landed upon the coast of Asia and that he looked a pipe could be fashioned in a half upon the same scenes that Marco Polo had gazed upon 200 years before. Africa was an unknown continent,

no one had sailed around it, and it was We children used to call Mr. Sumner | quite generally thought, as it had pleasant word for us, in that deep, tended on and on indefinitely. It was melodious voice which no one, once supposed that far to the south was the He looked at her in evident admiration hearing it, could ever forget. He zone of heat, in which no human betowered above us to what seemed an ing could live. This was by no means enormous height; yet we were told an unreasonable inference to the an--no more. This impression being they sailed to the north the colder it ginary foot-rule - six-foot rule, I They also knew that the farther they should say-and, until she was almost a sailed to the south the warmer it grew, woman grown, would measure a thing and what was more natural than for it grew into embarrassment, and at in her own mind by saving "two feet | them to suppose that, if they went far | last she was about to leave the car higher than Mr. Sumner," or "twice as enough in that direction, they would when the lorgnettes she carried in her high as Mr. Sumner," as the case come upon lands that were parched might be. I can remember him car- and baked, and upon seas that boiled, them out, opened them, brushed them rying the baby Maud on his shoulder, and bowing his lofty crest to pass ders. The ancients peopled all distant on her haughty nose, and turned upon through the doorway. Sometimes his seas with horrors. Unknown and dis- her enemy. He smiled as before, but him, a gracious and charming old lady. I am told that on a day when she was and chimeras dire." The distant seas spending an hour at Green Peace, and sitting in the parlor window with our and serpents, of which the sea-serpent pools that sucked in mariners, who white frock, she took up her station on were sacrilegious enough to approach them, to an awful death.

Perhaps these superstitions, as much so many centuries an unexplored and unknown waste.

Was Once a Tough Texas Town. Just outside of the town of Tascosa, in the panhandle of Texas, is a bare and desolate mound known as "Boot Hill." A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, who has visited the spot, writes that "there are twenty-I Mme. Patti and the German Emperor
The old German Emperor was a great favorite of Mme. Patti, but when a native girl at Homburg, and the then King sent her a message request
gravel of 'Boot Hill,' where lie the remained the remains of twenty-three men who died with their boots on." To have died in this manner was considered in Tascosa in its palmy days the most glorious end of human existence possible, and as the torturing lorgnettes, with the pretty girl's eyes behind them, came to his once more he made a wild, impulsive dive for the rear platform, and with one horsiled lead. low, boggy, sandy, and the town was rightly named. Once it boasted of a permanent population of 300 souls, but the Fort Worth and Denver railroad

> A traveler who has been as far south | cent. as Patagonia, and as far north as Ice-

from his son and nephews, was a selfmade man. Almost of necessity, there-fore, he was somewhat vain but his vanity "took no small turns." The man who was for many years his private secretary says he hated foppery of every kind.

"Kept closely down through the necessity of circumstances in his own early days, he had a blind hatred of all display in the youth of a later generation. I had been forewarned of this and at my first interview with him presented myself simply dressed and with no other ornament than a small Geneva watch of which I was very proud and as it might be supposed to be useful I fancied it would pass mus-

"He despised it, however, nor did his feelings change until it went wrong; then his sympathies—with the mechanicism, not with me-were roused and he undertook to set it

"I trembled to leave the tender thing ough order. He shortened the hairspring and made other repairs, as if he had been bred to the trade. He e performed the most delicate opera-

tinction between civil and mechanical myth's hammer."

Raising Dogs for Their Skins.

navians were a great maritime people. choury, which is exceedingly cold and But Europeans, at that time, knew but the dogs must of necessity be protectlittle of Asia and but little of Africa, ed by thick, heavy fur. Connoisseurs and America, of course, was undeclare that finer skins of this kind dreamed of. Even after Columbus have never been found. The animals had discovered the latter continent he are killed by strangulation in the winwas perfectly oblivious of the fact. He thought Hayti was Cipango or Jater, because at that time the hair is

killed that are not 8 months old.

Old-Fashioned Corncob Pipes,

One man at Middletown, Del., has just shipped to this city 1,000 bushels of corneobs, to be used in the manufacture of pipes. The old-fashione corneob pipe was not the spick and span pipe of the factories, glistening with varnish and carefully smoothed with a file. The old-time pipemaker chose a large and sound cob, as nearly as possible cylindrical in shape, cut off the lower three inches, and with a sharp penknife shaved the outer surface down to a hard, smooth face. He then cut the bottom and top smooth, thus considerably shortening the piece. carefully hollowed the bowl, and a reed stem placed in a small hole near the bottom completed the pipe. Such hour, and it served its purpose admir-

ably .- N. Y. Sun. HOW TO COW A MASHER Glare at Him Through a Pair of Lorg-

nette Glasses and See Him Wilt. swell girl got into the street car he spotted her and began his operations. and in a minute or two had added a half smile. Soon he made this a full smile quite tender and fetching and wholly nocent and sweet. Then he gazed a while fondly and with a far-away youwill-lose-me-if-you-don't-catch-on pression, and the girl became nervous. She tried to conceal her consciousness, but, the Detroit Free Press man says, belt came to her rescue. She took only once. The steely stare of those insatiate lorgnettes had fastened itself upon him. There was no response in them to his wiles. They were cold, eruel, tyrannical, invincible, irresist-He squirmed under their basilisk

dow. But they followed him. They crept over his helpless feet, which seemed to him to extend clear as any one thing, kept the world for across the car; they followed slowly up the faint gray line of his trousers they spread out over his cheerful-hued vest; they grasped the lapels of his coat and withered the rose in his button-hole; they dallied with his new 75cent cravat; they moved triumphantly around his collar; they dappled their claws in his mustache; they tweaked his nose; they chilled his eyes; they rumpled his hair; they marched in spot, writes that "there are twenty-three nameless graves in the clay and then they went slowly to his feet and

glassiness and looked out of the win-

The mertality among cattle at sea, resulting from cruelty, want of water, etc., was formerly stated at 16 per cent, while at the present time it is 1 per

The father of Adrian, the Ascetic pontiff, was a beggar.